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IMPROVEMENT OF IRELAND.



FATHER MATHEW ADMINISTERING THE PLEDGE OF ABSTINENCE FROM INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

BRADBURY AND EVANS.]

VOL. IV.

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FATHER MATHEW.

IN Nos. 55 and 56 of "THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," we have referred to the praiseworthy and remarkably successful efforts of the gentleman whose name and portrait stand at the head of this article, in reclaiming his countrymen from the destructive custom of whiskey-drinking, hitherto almost universal amongst them; a custom so widely spread and so deeply rooted, that it might be correctly designated as a national habit—we had almost said a national characteristic. We have heretofore remarked, "that the vices most dominant in Ireland have hitherto been distinctly traceable to the immoderate use of ardent spirits;" and to that cause, many of those horrible outrages which hourly peril the lives and properties of all but the dwellers in cities may be attributed. The examinations of many engaged in such enormities show that "the boys" could not have been induced to engage in them, "till they had the drop;" the sober leaders found it difficult to deal with sober followers—the whiskey did the business.

It is in vain to imagine that the resources of Ireland can be developed until capital can be there invested, and labour commanded in security; nor can there be any doubt that, if such were the case, no political grievances, fancied or real, could prevent the gradual but general flow of capital into the interior of a country so favoured by nature, but where it has hitherto been checked at its outposts: and let us remember that capital carries in its train all the blessings of social and civilised life, and of political freedom.

The Irish, as a nation, are remarkable for jumping too rapidly to conclusions; for hasty resolve and action, without regard to anything but the object immediately sought; in short, for a tendency to act on impulse instead of the dictates of reason. Their nature is so excitable, that they need no additional spur.

Over-excitement, of whatever nature, incapacitates the mind from coming to calm and solid conclusions; for in that case, as in the opposite of undue depression, the balance of judgment does not hang true. Hence national intemperance (i. e. over-excitement) must have a considerable and injurious effect on national character; and although it would be going too far to attribute the pugnacious propensities and habitual recklessness of the Irish solely to whiskey, or to lay all the murders and burnings, too common in that unhappy country, (and which drives capital to the South Seas rather than to Green Erin,) at the door of the distillery, yet that a great proportion of the evil is caused by devotion to the "dear drop" is unquestionable. The good qualities of the Irish are as conspicuous as their faults; their generosity—their hospitality—their true-heartedness and good faith—their noble daring, joined to steady courage (a rare combination)—and mental capacity of a high order, are qualifications which fit them to rank with the foremost of the children of earth; their impetuous temperament alone stands in their way: and when this is habitually still further stimulated, it is not to be wondered at that they are—what they are. If ever a nation was intended by Heaven to be water-drinkers, it is the Irish—whiskey to them is as flame to fire.

The Rev. Theobald Mathew, a Franciscan friar, and a celebrated preacher, has for rather more than two years applied all his energies—energies of no ordinary character—to root out the crying evil which has so long opposed itself to the welfare of his countrymen.

He was born in the year 1789, and when very young declared his determination to embrace a religious life. From his boyhood he evinced a thoughtful and contemplative nature, fond of retirement and solitary self-communion; but this was attended with no

acerbity of temper or moroseness of disposition: on the contrary, he was, and is, one of the most cheerful and lively spirited men upon earth, ever ready to rejoice with those that rejoice; and sympathising warmly with the sorrows of his fellow-creatures, he is no less ready to weep with those that weep, and to pour balm into the stricken heart. Such is the character given of him by one who knows him well, and on whose report we can place reliance.

When about twenty, he entered Kilkenny College; and after the usual routine of study, he took holy orders, and made profession as a Franciscan friar. Fixing his residence at Cork, he early acquired considerable reputation as a preacher; but his merit in this capacity, although of a high order, is the least of those qualifications which have exalted him in the estimation of his fellow-citizens. Although, we believe, he has never undertaken the regular charge of any congregation or parish, yet, in his two-fold capacity of a priest and a friar, he has been indefatigable in the discharge of his duties; and not only so, but with very slender means at his command, no work of charity or good deeds has been carried on at Cork—no matter whether for the advantage of catholic, churchman, or dissenter—to which 'Father Mathew' has not lent a helping hand; and so much has such admirable conduct endeared him to his fellow-citizens, and such an influence has it given him, that his aid is solicited by all parties in forwarding every scheme of benevolence—an aid never denied and never unsuccessful.

Such had been Father Mathew's course of life for many years, seeking not for fame or riches, but happy and contented in the active exercise of the best duties of a Christian, when, in the year 1838, he was prompted to undertake an enterprise which has blown his name widely abroad in the world. A Total Abstinence Society was at that time set on foot in Cork, and, as a matter of course, Father Mathew was applied to for his assistance. He entered zealously into the scheme, and became the head and chief of the association. The task was difficult, for perhaps no corner of the country could be found in which habits of intemperance were so general and so deeply rooted as in Cork; but the personal influence of Father Mathew was great, and his clerical character gave him additional power. The number of subscribers to the pledge of total abstinence (each of whom received a medal, which he wears as a token of his engagement) was at first very slow; some months after the foundation of the society (10th April, 1838) the numbers scarcely exceeded five hundred; but the news began to spread, and soon a universal enthusiasm was felt throughout the country, and from remote parts multitudes flocked to Cork, to receive the pledge from the hands of Father Mathew, who was now looked on with a degree of superstitious reverence. Before the conclusion of that year at least 70,000 had enrolled themselves in "Father Mathew's book," and at present upwards of a million are said to have taken the pledge. Gratifying as this is—for good must ensue from such a decided check to a national failing, even if it do not work a cure—there are two circumstances attending it which have caused us deep regret. One is, that although branch district societies have been erected throughout Ireland, yet the people will not be satisfied that any pledge is efficacious (or of course binding) which is not administered by Father Mathew himself; a superstitious homage is paid to him, and his blessing is considered as endowed with peculiar virtue. We fear that little, if any, care has been taken to disabuse the minds of the people from these delusions; since pilgrims from very distant parts are received without remonstrance, and their expenses paid in many cases; and not only this, but Father Mathew himself has been induced to visit Dublin and other places, to afford those who were unable to

travel to Cork an opportunity of giving their pledge into his hands. Again, so great is the power attributed to his prayers, that the more ignorant and superstitious of the people attribute to him the power of healing the sick. He has, to his credit, repeatedly and publicly denied any pretension to such power; but when the sick have been brought before him, as has been repeatedly the case, he has not refused to pronounce over them those prayers which his petitioners believe to be all-powerful. To permit such a reformation as he has commenced—a reformation which should be the forerunner of a moral regeneration—to rest for a moment upon such a rotten foundation as the supposed peculiar sanctity of any individual, much more of himself, is unworthy of the mind of such a man as Father Mathew. We doubt not that he reconciles it to his conscience on the ground of expediency; but is it wise to drive out one folly merely to make room for another?—to put out one eye to restore sight to the other, and perhaps risk both?

Father Mathew has been accused, and in high places too, of seeking the power and popularity which he undoubtedly enjoys, with no good design; and of aiming, for party purposes, to establish himself as a sort of spiritual dictator. We do not believe the charge, for it is inconsistent with the whole tenor of his life; and this at least is certain, that when he first began his labours, he could not have anticipated such an unparalleled success; and if he could have been swayed by worldly motives, he most undoubtedly would have refused to engage in them, as every member of his family has been a sufferer in consequence; for it is a singular circumstance that all his immediate relations are interested more or less in distilleries. One of his brothers, Mr. Thomas Mathew, is proprietor of a large distillery at Castle Lake, in the county Tipperary, celebrated, as the landlord at Golden bore witness (see No. 56), for producing the best whiskey in Ireland. Two others, Charles and John, have shares in this establishment, and have property embarked in it to a considerable amount. His sister, Gertrude, is married to another extensive distiller, Mr. Hackett, of Middleton, in the county of Cork. Mr. Charles Mathew is married to Miss Hackett, whose fortune is embarked in the Middleton distillery. Thus, the complete success of Father Mathew's design will be ruinous to those who are most dear to his affections. Such disinterested conduct should be regarded as beyond suspicion.

That advantage has been taken of the popularity of Father Mathew's name to circulate most pernicious political doctrine among the lower orders, we are but too well aware; but every candid mind must acquit him of lending his sanction to such base practices. But even were it possible for him to act so unworthy a part, the good effected by rendering the Irish a sober thinking people, instead of an intemperate and reckless mob, will be the greatest safeguard against attempts to make them the tools of any party or faction.

The ceremony observed on taking the pledge is simple and affecting. At Cork, it is usually performed in a room in Mr. Mathew's house, where a small number are assembled at a time, who kneeling in a semicircle before him, repeat the words of the pledge "to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except used medicinally and by order of a medical man, and to discountenance the cause and practice of intemperance." A short prayer and the Father's blessing conclude the ceremony, after which each person repairs to a side table, where sits a clerk, who inscribes their name in the register, and delivers to each a medal and a copy of the rules of the society; for which a small sum (we believe eighteen-pence) is paid by all those who can afford it. At first no charge at all was made, and very heavy expenses fell upon Mr. Mathew, who, it is said, distributed no less than 60,000 medals, besides

hiring a riding-school in Cove-street as a place of meeting, and supporting many poor persons who came from a distance, at his own cost; but the extension of the society, and the numerous expenses attendant on the original establishment, and the maintenance of district societies, in which the members are enrolled afresh, after they return from visiting Father Mathew, render some contribution from the members necessary; and this, so far from acting as a check, is rather an encouragement to a people possessing so much of *proper* pride as is general among even the poorest of the Irish, with the exception of the regular beggars of the towns, who are a class not to be confounded with the peasantry.

We shall return to this subject in our next Number.

PADGE BARBER.

A DERBYSHIRE TALE OF JEALOUSY.

NO. II.

WE left Padge enjoying Anne's hospitality, and at the same time artfully working round her conversation, so as to rouse the suspicions of the young and loving wife. "Pray," said Padge, "how long have you been married?"

"Three years come Martinmas. But we had known one another almost from being children. I was some years in service, where I saved as much as I could of my wages, to which William added all he could lay by of his earnings. We married, and furnished this little house; he works hard as a carpenter, and I employ myself as much as possible. We live in comfort, and are contented."

"Ay, you are well off! Your husband, I dare say, never goes near a public-house;—indeed, why should he, when he has so comfortable a home? No, no—you may be easy on that score: nor do I think he would do anything to make you jealous. Yet, from my experience, I know men are not to be trusted; but your husband is not like other men. How many children have you?—I do not recollect ever to have seen you nursing."

"Heaven has not yet blessed us with a baby; but for William's sake, who sets his mind on a son, I should like to become a mother."

"Is your husband pretty regular in his time of coming home?"

"Oh, yes—always a little after six o'clock, unless some extra job detains him a little longer—and then, you know, that makes more wages."

"He always comes directly home? He never calls at the Bell, or stops to chat with any curious neighbour?"

"Oh, dear! no;—why should you suppose such a thing?"

"Nay, for that matter, only a little curiosity; because I know men are sometimes apt to forget their wives, particularly when they have had a little liquor, and will sometimes joke with a pretty girl. I have seen such things done—and by very good husbands, too."

"Dear Padge, what do you mean? You surely would not have me think that my William does anything of that kind! No, God bless him!—he finds his greatest comfort at home, and I am confident never thinks of any other woman than his wife."

"Bless me! I should not suppose he did; but a man may speak to a woman—may joke and romp with her—without ever thinking of her either before or after; and for my part I see no great harm in it.—Where is William working to-day?"

"He is laying a floor in Mr. Slater's new barn, just on the top of Chevin; * he has been working there these two or three days."

* Chevin, a long high ridge, but lately brought into cultivation; the first approach to mountain scenery on the north of Derby.

"Then it was from that barn that Betty—that merry, joking lass at the 'Bell'—had been for her apronful of chips yesterday at noon: she was finely loaded, and the slut looked as if she had been running. Is anybody working there besides your husband?"

"No! But surely you do not think she had been to see William? A saucy baggage—I'll give it her!"

"Nay, don't be angry. I thought no such thing—but there's no stopping people's tongues.—Well, good morning to you, and thank you."

"Do stop a little bit longer, just to tell me what folks say; for I am sure, if they say anything against William, it is all false."

"I dare say it is. I am sorry I mentioned it—for I see it has made you uneasy. Good morning."

"Nay, do not go till you have told me all. I can have no comfort till I know. What is it that people say?"

"Well! God knows, I hate making mischief—and, besides, I don't believe that he does go to see Betty; he only calls to get a pint of ale to his bread and cheese. Nor do I think he ever touched Betty in the barn. It would take her half an hour to fill her apron—but folks are always ready to make the worst of everything."

"I begin to be afraid there is some truth in it. But I will put on my bonnet, and go directly to Betty, and know all about it—and if I find it is so—"

"Pray be quiet—say nothing about it. You will only expose yourself, and get a character of being jealous. Depend upon it, it is all a falsehood. You will soon see when your husband comes home to-night—you will meet as usual, and all will be forgotten.—Good bye! God bless you!"

Away went Padge, inwardly rejoicing at her success; and turning her face towards Chevin, hurried as fast as her limbs could carry her towards the barn, leaving poor Anne in a very distressed state of mind.

Padge found William at the door of the barn, and after bidding him "Good morning," asked him to give her a few chips to light her fire; and while she was picking them up, and laying them ready for carrying away, she entered into discourse with William, by observing, "I think you seem to work hard, neighbour William—can you make a good living?"

"Yes, thank God!" replied William. "I get enough to maintain my wife and myself, and I have no desire for more."

"Your wife works, too, I think?"

"Yes, dear creature! she will work, though she has no occasion. I often wish her to lay by her wheel, as I can always get enough to keep us both comfortably—but I cannot prevail on her. 'Nay, William,' she says, 'though I cannot earn as much as you, what little I can get will not be lost; and I cannot think of sitting idle at home while you are out working.' So God bless her! She works when I work; and when I go home, I am always sure of a cheerful look, a warm supper, and a clean hearth-stone."

"What a happy man you are, William! I wonder how folks can ever think of talking as they do. I am sure, if they had seen your house and your wife, as I saw them this morning, they would be ashamed of what they had said."

By this time Padge had picked up all the chips, and was just tying them together, when William, surprised that any persons should think him and his wife worth talking about, begged her to stop a little longer, and tell him what she had heard.

"Nay, William, excuse me there," she replied; "I detest a mischief-maker and a tale-bearer from the bottom of my heart. I should not have mentioned it at all, but I thought you knew of it; and I feel sure that all that has been said is without foundation. Good day to you, neighbour, and thank you for your chips."

"I must know what our neighbours say of us before you go," replied William; "so, good Padge, just tell me, if it be only for a little amusement."

"Nay, I will not repeat slander, and make mischief—not I. Let every one mind his own business. What is it to me if your wife spins on the silver wheel? You never feel it!—and provided she be at home when you come from work, of what consequence is it if she spend the whole day among her neighbours?—Good day to you."

"Padge, I will not part with you till I know all. I may have been deceived; and if you know of anything that is wrong, you will not be acting a friendly part if you do not tell me. Come, let me hear the worst."

"What would the man have me tell him? I am not going to say that she flirts with any young man, while you are working like a horse to maintain her; and if other people say so, can I help it? I never saw her go amiss, and I cannot believe these reports. You know there is no truth in them, and you will sometimes find that the world is not without liars and deceivers."

Padge now packed off with her chips, leaving the husband in a less enviable state than that in which she had an hour before left the unhappy wife. He stood for some time petrified with horror; his frame shook—a cold perspiration spread over his body, and the big drops chased one another down his manly cheeks. William could work no longer. It was now past noon, but he could eat no dinner. He sauntered about the fields, like one distracted; but returning to the barn, he put on his coat, and with a heavy heart turned his face towards what till now had been his happy home. The violent agitation he had undergone, and the fasting beyond his accustomed time, had exhausted his strength, when faint and weary he arrived at the door of the "Bell." Here he rested a few hours, and in those hours drank rather freely of the home-brewed ale, which, when he set off to go home, manifested its power, by giving him a false apparent spirit, while it divested his limbs of their wonted strength.

William at length reached his cottage later than his usual time, and found it, as he had always found it, clean and comfortable; for Anne, though unhappy, and fearing to find Padge's insinuations true, determined, on her part, to give her husband no cause for complaint. She expected him with impatience, yet dreaded his arrival. What then must have been her feelings when, for the first time in her life, she saw him stagger through the little gate! She threw herself into her chair, covered her face with her apron, and burst into tears.

William, intoxicated as he was, could yet perceive the difference of his reception that night from any he had hitherto experienced, and he felt the suspicions of his mind confirmed as gospel truth. He spoke not. Anne's eyes were wet with crying; she looked upon him with grief—with love, but without resentment. Supper went away untasted; they went to bed, but sleep was banished from their eyes, and morning found them unrefreshed by rest or slumber. Silently they arose, Anne prepared breakfast, but, as on the preceding evening, neither of them could eat. Anne, with her voice half-stifled with sobs, and her eyes brimful of tears, asked her husband what was the cause of this sad alteration in his behaviour? he answered by asking why she had acted in the manner she had the night before.

"You," said the distressed wife, "were later than usual in coming home; and when you did come you came drunk. How can you prefer a dirty alehouse to your own fireside?"

"Thank yourself for that," answered William. "Where's your wheel? What have you spun lately? Yes, you are very industrious! As soon as my back is turned, I find you are off

gossiping, and my money goes to pay somebody else for spinning—and then, just before I come home, out comes the wheel, to be ready to set by when I sit down. Curse such deceitful ways!—I'll put an end to them."

"I know not what you mean," Anne replied; "I am sure I never stirred out of the house yesterday; nor do I ever go to visit my neighbours, unless for the purpose of assisting them. But I see how it is—you prefer Betty at the Bell to your poor Anne!—I little thought it would ever have come to this!"

"I know nothing of Betty; but you tell me of her, because you are afraid I should mention the young man you have coming to you every day. He had better take care I do not catch him!"

"Don't tell me of a young man! Pray, what business had that impudent baggage in the barn with you half an hour yesterday?"

"She never was in the barn. She picked up a few sticks near the field-gate, but I never spoke to her.—I should like to find out your spark—I'd make him remember!"

"I never had any man but you, and now you are tired of me you tell me of a 'young man.' Oh, William, this is too much! Could not you be content to stop in Betty's company till you were almost too drunk to walk home, without upbraiding me with a fault of which, in thought, or word, or deed, I was never guilty? But last night was not the first time you've been at the 'Bell.'"

At this imputation William rushed out, went straight to the "Bell," sat there till he became once more intoxicated, and then staggered back to his cottage to upbraid his wife. Words now followed words, intermixed with tears and dreadful imprecations. William struck his wife, then seizing her by the hair, he dragged her to the door, and with all his force threw her into the garden. Her screams alarmed the neighbouring cottagers, and presently brought a crowd about the house—each individual wondering at so strange, so unexpected an occurrence; and among the rest, the mischief-brewing Padge. Seeing the effect of her machinations, she uttered a scream of joy, and, clapping her hands in exultation, limped off.

Discord took possession of that mansion hitherto the abode of Felicity and Peace. Unable to bear her altered situation—unwilling to be the pity of that neighbourhood of which she had so lately been the pride and the example—her self-respect annihilated—her best affections slighted, Anne wandered, an outcast from society, for a few short weeks, and then sunk into the silent grave, the victim of a broken heart. William, self-convicted of her death, became, like the conscience-stricken Cain, "a wanderer and a fugitive." Work, in which he had before taken an inexpressible delight, because it ministered to the happiness of her he dearly loved, he now detested; and if by a chance job he haply became possessed of a few shillings, they were immediately carried to the "Bell;" whence coming one night in a state of beastly intoxication across the Depth of Lhuumb, he fell or threw himself into Black Brook, and was heard of no more.

The cottage of Anne and William now lies ruined and deserted; and the site of its once beautiful garden is now only known by the blasted trunks of the two sycamores, which are now nearly covered by the ivy, which in the lapse of years has crept along the hedge from the house, and fixed itself on the once-flourishing branches. Here the screech-owl sits the live-long day, and towards the end of twilight leaves its retreat—giving a shout like that uttered by Padge when she saw poor Anne bleeding under the blows of her infuriated husband. Thus, every summer's evening the memory of this once-happy pair is recalled to the recollection of the neighbourhood; and the ill-omened bird, from this circumstance, has ever since, in reference to its prototype, been distinguished by the name of Padge.

The inhabitants of Shottle, as they pass the spot, heave a sigh or shed a tear as they think of the unhappy end of Anne and William: and when any neighbour dares to utter a slander, or asperse the character of any individual, they mark their disapprobation by exclaiming "'Tis as bad as Padge Barber!"

A FEW WORDS ABOUT GEOLOGY.

NO. II.

We stated, in the previous paper, that there are strong reasons, drawn from astronomical, chemical, and geological facts, for considering that the original condition of our globe was that of a gaseous expansion. That it was once a *fluid* mass appears nearly as certain as certainty can be attained, all the circumstances being considered; and if we once admit it to have been a fluid mass, it is easy to go a little higher, and consider that it was once in a condition similar to that of comets, or those gaseous bodies—or rather bodies which seem to be gaseous—called nebulae, scattered through the immensity of space.

The first solid forms, then, which would appear on our globe must have been the result of cooling, or crystallisation. Vast masses of rock called granite are found throughout the crust of the globe, and are supposed to underlie all the strata, or successive beds of materials; and this granite has all the appearance of having been formed by cooling or crystallisation, and is called *unstratified*, in contradistinction to all that lie upon it, which have been deposited in water. "Wherever the stratified rocks, which were deposited by water, are seen to their very base, they are, in all quarters of the world, observed to rest on other *unstratified* rocks of the nature of granite. This rock appears in many instances to have been in a fluid state since the deposition of those strata which cover it; for it is seen to penetrate into their cracks and fissures, just as iron enters in veins the cracks of the sandstone which forms the sides or bed of the furnace. The fluidity of granitic rocks is now almost universally attributed, and with sufficient reason, to the effect of great heat, analogous in its origin to that which supplies the energies of volcanoes."

Granite, when used in a loose or general sense, is applied to different rocks, allied more or less to one another, and composed, more or less, of similar materials. The earliest stratified rocks are of the nature of granite; and if we consider the primary granite to have been formed by the cooling or crystallisation of an intensely heated fluid mass, we may consider that the earliest stratified rocks, which are allied to it, were derived from the bruising or breaking down of the primary granite, and that the pulverised fragments floated in a hot sea, settled to the bottom, and formed a bed, or stratum, which probably underwent great changes from the intense heat. The oldest systems of stratified rocks are called gneiss and mica schist; they are composed of the same parts as primary granitic rocks, but the ingredients are not in the same proportions or condition; and while the granitic rocks are regularly crystallised, the gneiss and mica schist exhibit appearances of having been rolled about in water, as well as having been acted upon by heat.

Let us suppose—for here we must suppose—that after a granitic crust was formed round the now internal fluid mass, the constituents of water floating in the atmosphere began to combine, and formed a hot sea on the hot surface. Then suppose explosive eruptions, bursting the crust, the atmosphere being also disturbed with a violence hardly to be conceived by us, and then we may understand how the fragments of primitive granite, broken, bruised, and floating in the boiling waters, might settle to the bottom, and form the first bed or stratum. At the bottom, this

stratum would be acted on by the heat of the primitive crust from which it was originally derived, and undergo other changes. The earliest strata, called gneiss and mica schist, are formed of the same minerals as primary granite, though in different proportions; and they also exhibit appearances of having been subjected to the action of fire and water. Having got this length, we may say that we have some ground to stand upon.

In the earlier stages of geological science, a fourfold division of the strata was made, as representing four grand periods in the history of the earth—each period including many subdivisions. These were called—1. The Primary Strata, comprising the gneiss and mica schist systems of rocks, in which no organic remains have been found. 2. The Transition Strata, composed of slate, clay, and limestone rocks, in which the first traces of animated existence have been found—the strata having received its name, as being supposed to be formed during a period of transition from primary to secondary strata. 3. The Secondary Strata, comprising a most important and extensive system of successive deposits, containing our most valuable minerals, and full of organic remains; the mute witnesses of various stages in the history of the earth. 4. The Tertiary Strata, also divided into different periods, containing fossils identical with existing species of animals. The tertiary strata lie immediately under the present surface, and may be considered as preceding that arrangement of the earth by which it was fitted for man.

Later researches of geologists incline them to include the transition series along with the primary series, making only three great divisions. If this be adopted, it will no longer be correct to say that the primary strata do not contain organic remains. The original and earliest primary strata do not, or at least none have been found: but in the later (formerly called transition) fossils have been found, which, as far as research has yet gone, present specimens of the earliest inhabitants of the earth.

Examples of these primary rocks containing fossils are to be found in the mountains of the border counties of England and Wales. To one system Sedgwick has given the name of Cambrian; they include the Snowdon and Plynlimmon rocks. To another, Murchison has given the name of Silurian, because the extensive specimens of rocks of that class which he has laboriously investigated lie in that region of South Wales once occupied by the famous British tribe, known to the Romans as the Silures. The Silurian division of the primary stratified rocks are considered to be of later formation than the Cambrian. Amongst the fossil remains found in these primary rocks are those of trilobites—creatures allied to our crabs and lobsters; and their eyes afford evidence that the atmosphere must have conveyed light in much the same way that it does now. "This point deserves peculiar consideration, as it affords the most ancient, and almost the only example yet found in the fossil world of the preservation of parts so delicate as the visual organs of animals that ceased to live many thousands and perhaps millions of years ago. We must regard these organs with feelings of no ordinary kind, when we recollect that we have before us the identical instruments of vision, through which the light of heaven was admitted to the sensorium of some of the first-created inhabitants of our planet."

The conclusion deduced from the organic remains found in those rocks which appear to have been formed after the earliest, is, that the sea gradually became fit for the residence of certain kinds of animal life—crustacea, fishes, &c.; that portions of land existed, on which grew trees, plants, &c.; and that great movements were still affecting the earth, from the antagonist powers of Fire and Water. "After the deposition of the primary strata, the

interior forces of heat, no longer operating by a gradual metamorphosis of the previously deposited strata, and by a regulated change of the condition of the sea, appear to have been thrown into a state of critical action, and to have operated on the aqueous deposits of ancient date, as at this day the volcanic fires below affect the sedimentary strata accumulated from water above. There is hardly a mountain range of much importance throughout the world, where the effects of great convulsive movements affecting the primary strata cannot be seen: frequently it is ascertained to be the case that these movements happened before the production of any of the secondary rocks; and upon the whole it is evident that the crust of the globe was broken up and disturbed, and the relative geographical distribution of sea and land materially changed by the disturbance. The effects immediately appear: the introduction of a new order of sedimentary deposits, with new geographical relations; the extinction of old and the creation of new groups of organic beings; the commencement of a new act (so to speak) in the great history of the earth."

The secondary strata are divided into four great divisions or systems: the carboniferous system, the sandstone system, the oolitic system, and the cretaceous system. The earliest is the carboniferous system, which includes the coal formation; and our readers will best understand the nature of geological phenomena by the following quotation from Dr. Buckland:—

"Few persons are aware of the remote and wonderful events in the economy of our planet, and of the complicated applications of human industry and science, which are involved in the production of the coal which supplies with fuel the metropolis of England. The most early stage to which we can carry back its origin was among the swamps and forests of the primeval earth, where it flourished in the form of gigantic calamites, and stately lepidodendra, and sigillarie. From their native beds, these plants were torn away by the storms and inundations of a hot and humid climate, and transported into some adjacent lake, or estuary, or sea. Here they floated on the waters until they sank saturated to the bottom, and being buried in the detritus of adjacent lands, became transferred to a new estate among the members of the mineral kingdom. A long interment followed, during which a course of chemical changes, and new combinations of their vegetable elements, have converted them to the mineral condition of coal. By the elevating force of subterranean fires, these beds of coal have been uplifted from beneath the waters, to a new position in the hills and mountains, where they are accessible to the industry of man. From this fourth stage in its adventures, our coal has again been moved by the labours of the miner, assisted by the arts and sciences, that have co-operated to produce the steam-engine and the safety-lamp. Returned once more to the light of day, and a second time committed to the waters, it has, by the aid of navigation, been conveyed to the scene of its next and most considerable change by fire; a change during which it becomes subservient to the most important wants and conveniences of man. In this seventh stage in its long eventful history, it seems to the vulgar eye to undergo annihilation; its elements are indeed released from the mineral combinations they have maintained for ages, but their apparent destruction is only the commencement of new successions of change and activity. Set free from their long imprisonment, they return to their native atmosphere, from which they were absorbed to take part in the primeval vegetation of the earth. To-morrow they may contribute to the substance of timber in the trees of our existing forests; and having for a while resumed their place in the living vegetable kingdom, may, ere long, be applied a second time to the use and benefit of man. And when decay or fire shall once more consign them to the earth or to

the atmosphere, the same elements will enter on some further department of their perpetual ministration in the economy of the material world."*

The four great systems into which the secondary series of strata is divided are marked by distinct peculiarities. The carboniferous system, which contains the great coal formations, appears to have been characterised by an extraordinary vegetation, the origin of those rich mineral deposits. "After the formation of the carboniferous strata was ended in Europe and America," says Professor Phillips, "the long tranquillity of the ocean was broken by extensive and violent concussion, so that hardly a square mile of country can anywhere be found which is not full of fractured and contorted strata, in consequence of subterranean movements which mostly preceded the accumulation of the next system of strata." "Some more general and more powerful agency," he adds, "than that which we now see in the volcano and the earthquake must be invoked to explain the great and extensive displacement of land and sea which broke, with transient violence, the long quiet of the globe, and gave rise to a new and general change of deposits." The carboniferous system was succeeded by the Red Sandstone system, which, from the paucity of organic fossils found in it, is considered to have been formed under circumstances adverse to life on any extensive scale. The red sandstone system was succeeded by the Oolitic system, which again swarms with fossils—plants, fishes, crustaceans, gigantic reptiles of strange shapes and enormous capacities, and flying creatures of singular construction. To the oolitic system succeeded the Cretaceous system, the last of the secondary strata.

"The peculiar feature," says Dr. Buckland, "in the population of the whole series of secondary strata was the prevalence of numerous and gigantic forms of saurian reptiles. Many of these were exclusively marine; others amphibious; others were terrestrial, ranging in savannahs and jungles clothed with a tropical vegetation, or basking on the margins of estuaries, lakes, and rivers. Even the air was tenanted by flying lizards, under the dragon form of pterodactyles. The earth was probably at that time too much covered with water, and those portions of land which had emerged above the surface, too frequently agitated by earthquakes, inundations, and atmospheric irregularities, to be extensively occupied by any higher order of quadrupeds than reptiles." Speaking of the pterodactyle, and its capacity of flying or swimming, Conybeare says, "Thus, like Milton's fiend, all qualified for all services and all elements, the creature was a fit companion for the kindred reptiles that swarmed in the seas, or crawled on the shores of a turbulent planet."

* The Fiend,

O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.*

With flocks of such like creatures flying in the air, and shoals of no less monstrous ichthyosauri and plesiosauri swarming in the ocean, and gigantic crocodiles and tortoises crawling on the shores of the primeval lakes and rivers, air, sea, and land must have been strangely tenanted in those early periods of our infant world."

* Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise.

GAZE THY FILL.

Look on yonder earth:

The golden harvests spring; the unfailling sun
Sheds light and life: the fruits, the flowers, the trees,
Arise in due succession: all things speak
Peace, harmony, and love. The universe,
In nature's silent eloquence, declares
That all fulfil the works of love and joy!—*Shelley.*

RAMBLING NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

DARENTH WOOD AND BEECH WOOD.

"The wood,
The covert of old trees with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves young as joy.
A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-form'd and many-colour'd things."

BYRON.

HAPPINESS is a pleasant thing to see. It is infectious, too, in its nature; and the sight of a face teeming with joy is apt to make even the heart oppressed with care forget its load, though, perhaps, but for a moment. Like all other human things, it is not a permanent state, but its very instability serves but to make it the more prized. Nor ought we to debar ourselves from sympathy by the consideration that the feeling may have been stimulated by objects of which we cannot altogether approve; but, assured that it has its source in nature, we should endeavour to lead our fellow-men to gratify the impulse that seeks pleasure, in a manner more congenial with what we have learned to be productive of it in a purer form. I believe that many are vicious, simply for want of better teaching, and that a higher standard of enjoyment has only to be raised, and shown to be attainable by the many, to cause them to embrace it.

Such were my thoughts on looking one morning over London Bridge, and seeing the multitude thronging to the steam-boats that were about to start for various places, the most of the passengers evidently on trips of pleasure. Call it not idleness, for pleasure it is to them to escape from the artificial bond that has encircled them, from dirt and smoke and brick walls, to breathe the pure air of heaven under an unclouded sky. I thank God for having given to man an inventive faculty, and for enabling him to discover the application of steam power to machinery like that before us. I see in it a mark of God's goodness to man, bestowing such a boon when he was capable of appreciating the benefit by it conferred upon him,—giving him, as in the present instance, opportunity of social enjoyment with his family, friends, and all those most dear to him. I see in it a sign of his beneficence in giving such a blessing at a time when society was sufficiently advanced to use it as a means of good: and, viewing it also in the other methods of its application, I have an assurance of man's progression, that would make the heart of the most sceptical exult if he could feel it. But if he had such assurance, he would no longer be a sceptic; and feel it he might if he would but think. But, unhappily, men do not think.

Well, I will go on board that boat for Gravesend, for I am going to Darenth Wood, and can land at Greenhithe, which is near it. And what, think you, dear reader, I am going there for? I would say, at a venture, that there is no one here on the same errand, or that would guess what it is. I am an entomologist, an insect-hunter, and am now on an excursion to collect specimens. I see you wonder that any one should go so far for such a purpose. Sit down and I'll tell you what a naturalist is.

Nature may be viewed under two aspects,—the one as regards its poetry, the other its philosophy. Of the former many have a glimpse. There is a feeling for the beautiful in nature natural to man, that requires but little to awaken it; for, confine him to cities, or depress him how you will, he will still strive to keep about him something that shall minister to the feeling in some degree—mostly some remnant of vegetable life, that, like himself, struggles for an existence. To cultivate this feeling, an acquaintance with the nature of the objects he views is not very necessary, at least to any extent; and thus an appeal is made to him by outward forms that is at once understood and loved, though in a small

degree to what might be; the faculty, like all others, requiring exercise to be able to yield its full amount of pleasure. The other view of nature, in its philosophy, is seen but by a few. And why? because it requires some mental exertion; and as it brings in no wealth, but that of mind, which is not commercial, it is not prized. Now, a true naturalist combines both these views. He is struck with the beauty of the objects of his attention, in themselves, and investigating their structure and nature, their habits and instincts, he is able to refer them to their places in the scale of creation, and then stands enraptured with the beauty of the structure, of which the subjects of his study are seen to form an harmonious part, and thence is led to look "from nature up to nature's God." This is what a true naturalist does if he have power of mind enough; but there is many an humble follower in the path, who takes not in such a wide view of the subject, but confines his attention to some minor details. Let him not, therefore, be despised. The labourer in a building is not less necessary than the architect; and he that collects insects or flowers without any aim beyond an admiration of their intrinsic beauty, is far before the idler who despises such pursuits. It is essential to any one who wishes to study any branch of natural history, that he should possess a collection of specimens, and many a pleasant hour does the search for them afford.—But here is Greenhithe, where we land. Turning to the right, we proceed until we reach the road from London to Gravesend, when, turning again to the right we proceed on it a short distance, and then, crossing it, enter by a gate into a lane, that leads to the scene of my labours. Darenth Wood, or "Darn," as it is termed by the natives, is esteemed one of the best localities near London for insects, and is frequented for the purpose of their capture more than any other. Here then by day and night I wander, net in hand, for nearly as many insects move by night as court the noon-day beam. In summer the collector has a busy time; catching, setting out his specimens, beating the trees for larvae, &c., occupy to the full every waking minute, and at night with sleep he is deeply engaged, having well earned his repose. To enumerate all the beauties taken here would make a catalogue, and that I am pledged not to do. Here in May *Sesia* hover round the blossoms of *Ajuga*, and in July *Paphia*, "the silvery queen," as Crabbe calls it, flits with noiseless wing over its favourite flower—the bramble; and during the summer, thousands of fairy-like beings begin and end their existence. The whole tribe of night-flying moths are here very abundant.

"Soft moths that kiss

The sweet lips of the flowers and harm not,"

and of every order of insects, will he that seeks them not fail to reap a plentiful harvest. I have watched them here at all seasons, and many a happy hour and thought have I had while wandering in the wood. Botanists also tell us that it is an excellent place for plants, many of the orchidæ, among other things, being found in it and its neighbourhood.

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said,—

This is my own, my native land!"

SCOTT.

This is a question we have often asked, not with reference to England's political position among the nations, her martial power, or her naval prowess, but in connexion with the condition of the laborious portion of her sons. While roving through the country at different times, and stopping in different places, I have had many opportunities of observing the peasantry, and the conclusion forced upon me is, that though in most instances free from absolute want, they are but a step removed from it, and their moral and

intellectual condition is truly deplorable. For them literature has no charms, and to them the products of the press are strangers. They never feel the influence of a mind superior to their own, and the deathless works of earth's great ones, as far as they are concerned, might as well have never existed. Masters, perhaps, of learning enough to read a direction-post, or spell a ballad, there exists no desire to advance beyond it; and as for writing, they look upon it as a thing not belonging to them. Of course, in such a state of things, it must be expected that their minds are rude and ignorant, and that such is the case there exists but too ample proofs in every direction. I have, seeing all this, often deplored that there seemed to be no great mind that would devote all its energies to the mighty task of reforming and redressing the evil,—some one as great in action as in thought, who would give himself up to the purpose of enlisting the better educated and situated portion of the community in the cause; for I presume that no very great change will be produced until the majority endeavour, each as far as in him lies, to rescue his fellow-countrymen from the night of ignorance in which they are enveloped. Some master-mind is wanted; one who looks not on the poor as those whom it might, perhaps, be as well to do something for, but who sympathises with and respects them as men;—such a one, I say, is wanted to originate and direct a movement in favour of their mental improvement. We have agitated for every reform but this of education, that should have preceded all others, which would then have followed as matters of course. Institutions can do no more than afford scope for the action of great principles, and these again, carried out, will be the best guarantee for the safety of the former.

"In ourselves,—

In our own honest hearts and chainless hands
Will be our safeguard. While we seek no use
Of arms, we would not have our children blend
With their first innocent wishes;—while the love
Of country and of justice shall be one
To their young reason; while their sinews grow
From midst the gladness of heroic spirits,
We shall not ask to guard our country's peace,
One selfish passion, or one venal sword."

TALFOURD.

Keeping the path leading southward through the wood, will bring us into a lane that leads to the "Fox and Hounds" at Darenth, the resting-place of all the entomologists who visit this part. This house affords better accommodation than its outside would indicate—good though homely. It used to be kept by a man named Kelham, a character in his way, and possessed of many good qualities, although unlettered. Nature had allotted to him a kindly combination of faculties, forming an individual, such as may not unfrequently be observed, of superior moral feelings, which, though untrained, have sufficient power to mould the man into no ungraceful being. Indeed it is to the general presence of the better feelings of our nature, though in a rude state, that the peaceable conduct of the majority of the poorer classes under their manifold hardships is to be attributed. Poor Kelham! thy benevolent countenance will never greet me more. He died about two years ago.

Leaving this, we proceed in a westerly direction for about four miles, when we reach Birch Wood-corner, close to the wood of that name, another famous locality for insects, second only to Darenth. The "Bull" here is the resort of the brethren of the net frequenting this wood. It is a very good inn, situate in the high road to Maidstone, fourteen miles from town, and celebrated in the pages of the "Entomological Magazine." The rare Kentish glory (*Endromis versicolor*) has been taken in this wood;

Lathonia, or Queen of Spain, near it; and I have taken *Achalia piniperda* on the fir trees in the month of March, *Sesia* in May, and very many other beauties during the summer months.

"Plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass." SHELLEY

And for flowers the botanist may be sure of plenty, both of specimens and species. *Orchidea*, in particular, are here found abundantly, among them the rare *ophrys opifera*. Oh! beautiful flowers, how are ye entwined with the happy hours of my early years! What must be the life of a child without flowers!

"Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love,
The wild bird joys your opening bloom to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be.
All hearts, to nature true, ye strangely move,
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free,
I love ye all.
Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side!
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell
And, though the worldling may deride,
I love ye all."

ROBERT NICOLL.

THE TANNER OF MASCARA.*

THE winter of 1838 was very severe—the poor still shiver at its remembrance; prolonged far beyond its ordinary limits, there was little save the increasing length of the days to give token of the progress of the seasons. The snow lay on the ground in April, and "the pleasing breath of spring" gave way to the cold blast of the bitter north-east wind.

It was in this ungenial season that a Moorish vendor of dates, and a little country girl who offered violets for sale, took up their station at the foot of the bridge which leads from the Place Louis-Quinze to the Chamber of Deputies. The sweet flowers had put forth their tender blossoms despite the snow and wind, but where they grew I cannot guess. But flowers, fruits, and vegetables, can be procured at all seasons; how this is managed is a mystery, and I verily believe more pine-apples are grown in Paris than in Martinique.

The Moor was an old man; he was a native of Mascara, in the territory of Algiers, where he had been established as a tanner, and manufactured that kind of red and bronze-coloured leather used by sword-cutlers for the sheaths and scabbards of daggers and sabres. This commodity is highly valued in the East; and its preparation requiring considerable skill and address, those who excel in it are held in much esteem: our date-merchant had been distinguished for the superiority of his goods.

His reputation was established, and his fortune was made, when the French dismantled Mascara, and burnt it. The tanner was ruined; they set fire to his workshops, and made saddles of his finest leather; his wife fell by their bayonets, and his daughter perished in the flames that consumed his dwelling;—his wife, who was called "The Moon;" his daughter, "The Little Raspberry,"—a beautiful name in Arabic, though it sounds strange in a translation.

The poor tanner had much to endure. As an indemnification, he was invested with the rank of a French citizen, and enrolled in a kind of national guard; and with the ruins of his house they built a café, where, after the fashion of Paris, they drank beer, and

played at dominoes. He went to Algiers, to lay his complaint before the governor, who protested that it was not in his power to prevent the vanquished from starving; and yet we talk of barbarians, and call ourselves civilised.

The tanner of Mascara was graciously permitted to repair to France—that generous France, who opens her arms to all who are desirous of perishing with hunger, in the walks of commerce, the arts, or literature—but especially in literature.

In this hospitable country, the poor native of the East suffered terribly from cold, which penetrated his light garments; the unhappy man had chosen Paris for his abode. He spoke, but no one understood him; he wept, and they comprehended him still less. He passed whole days at the corner of the Bourse, which he, in his simplicity, took for a catholic mosque. He concluded, therefore, that those who repaired thither could not fail to be charitable; for charity, says Mahomet, is a holy dew—it is easily scattered abroad, and produces a rich harvest. The only dew that descended on the Oriental was that of the Parisian sky—no stockbroker dropped even a sous into his palm. "The camels endure hunger longer than I have," said the tanner; "let me draw my girdle closer." He tightened his belt, and thought on his wife whom they called "the Moon," and of his daughter, "the Little Raspberry." But the time came at last when no alternative was left, but to eat, to die, or to rob. Sitting on his heels, after the Eastern fashion, the Moor suffered a melancholy smile to pass over his countenance. "I must die," he said; "God keeps the account of our actions."

We shall soon learn the fate of the poor tanner.

Nanterre is a very pretty, delightful little village, between Paris and St. Germain-en-Laye; it is there that the more fortunate inhabitants of the city repair to refresh themselves with the pure air of spring, after the fatigues and the excesses of the long winter evenings. Here the little seller of violets, of whom we have spoken, was born; her father worked in a vineyard, and her mother (when she could find a purchaser) sold cakes at the entrance of the park of St. Cloud. These two occupations put together scarcely sufficed to pay the rent of their cottage, and purchase their daily bread.

When the little girl began to get bigger—that is to say, when she was almost three feet high—they put a bonnet on her head, sabots on her feet, and six bunches of violets in her hands, and said, "You must walk three leagues every morning, and sell these violets in the streets of Paris." Her parents were getting old, their sight was failing, and their limbs were feeble. She must see and walk for them, and she was contented to do it. Poor little girl! beautiful as summer, fair as the patron saint of Nanterre, who led her sheep to the water-brooks, spinning as she went!—she toiled painfully every day six long leagues, to bring home six sous. But her father was now ill in bed, and her mother sat ill in her chair; she must nevertheless go to Paris, through terrible roads, oceans of mud, and showers of snow.

There she was at her post, at the foot of the bridge of the Chamber of Deputies, where so many chariots with emblazoned panels—so many rich men, drawn by four sleek, well-fed horses, swept along. She held six bunches of violets in her hand—sweet child! She offered them, after shaking off the snow, to all who passed; but no one would purchase them—no, not one.

She had been there from six in the morning, and it was now near mid-day.

The tanner of Mascara was not dead; he had met, by an extraordinary chance, with a remarkably generous man, who had made

* Translation from the French.

him a present of a basket, a cord to string it with, and three pounds of dates. With this stock he essayed his fortune. "Dates, dates, real Tafilat dates!" he cried. The first day he sold eight dates, the second three; the third day, that on which he cried his dates at the foot of the bridge of the Chamber of Deputies, he had not sold one; and they were now wetted by the rain, and soiled with mud.

At two o'clock, the cold fell twelve degrees below the freezing point.

The little violet-merchant, who had sold no more than the vender of dates, grew blue, and shivered with cold. The Moor took off his turban, and unrolled it, and said—or rather he *said* nothing. The poor child wrapped the muslin round her shoulders.

"Dates! dates! real Tafilat dates!"

"Violets, ladies!—pray, buy my violets."

Still no purchaser. Three o'clock struck, and the cold descended to the eighteenth degree; and neither one nor the other had eaten anything that day.

Some charitable persons laughed as they went by at seeing a Turk without a turban.

At four o'clock the little girl's heart failed her; she leaned upon the parapet of the bridge. The Moor then went towards her, and said, "How do you sell your violets, mademoiselle?"

"Six sous the six bundles," she replied.

"Take and eat these ten dates—half of what I have left—and give me two bundles of violets in exchange."

By this means the child of Nanterre breakfasted.

The Oriental ate nothing; he had not yet fasted more than two days.

Thus it was that misfortune united the misery of the West with the misery of the East—the flowers and the dates.

At sunset the cold was so intense as to sink the thermometer twenty-one degrees below the freezing point. Showing his white teeth, the tanner smiled as he looked up to heaven. The child had fallen asleep at the foot of the bridge.

"She sleeps," thought he, "and she is as beautiful as my 'Little Raspberry.' Let her sleep on."

"Dates! dates! real Tafilat dates!"

Paris was lighted up. It was splendid; it glittered beneath the dark sky, as if under the arched roof of a mine. People went to balls, to the opera, the cafés and the restaurants, where they ate apricots at forty francs the plate.

In his turn the Moor felt the influence of sleep; he yielded to it the more readily as now there was little chance of selling any of his dates. It was seven o'clock, and the thermometer had sunk twenty-one degrees.

It was a good thought before he slept to draw near to the child, that he might warm her with the sort of burnoose which the glorious conquest of the French had spared him.

He kept one part, and threw the other over the pretty little violet-merchant.

They are still asleep.

HYDROPHOBIA IN CEYLON, AND A CURE FOR IT IN AUSTRIA.

MAJOR FORBES, in his Eleven Years in Ceylon, says, that the native doctors "acknowledge their inability to cure hydrophobia, saying they can heal the bites, but the gods must do the rest." Three months is the time after which they consider any one safe who has been bitten by a mad dog; but in this they are mistaken. A man employed in Major Forbes' service, who had been severely bitten by a mad dog, after a lapse of three months, obtained

three days' leave that he might go and make offerings at a particular temple, according to his vow and the advice of his doctor. He returned on the third day, evidently unwell, and was soon after seized with spasms; being a man of strong constitution, he struggled for seven days before death released him from hopeless sufferings. His wife, who had been bitten at the same time as himself, was not attacked with hydrophobia, although much frightened by her own prospect and the death of her husband.

Riding about one evening, Major Forbes met a moorman who had been severely lacerated by a mad dog; but the wounds healed up in about three weeks. Six weeks after he met with the accident, some of his friends came to the Major to report that he was so furious during the paroxysms of hydrophobia, with which he was attacked, that they had been compelled to fasten him up in a house, and had given him anything they thought would be of service to his disease through a hole in the wall; they added that he was rolling on the ground gnawing the earth, and had been in this state for two days.

As they were very anxious that the Major should send the man something in the way of medicine, he advised them to try opium; and for this purpose a pill, as large as a man could take with impunity, was procured from a Malay in the neighbourhood. With this the friends of the moorman departed; and the next report was the man's death, which had taken place a few hours after their return. They all agreed that he took the opium (but they could not have seen whether he swallowed it or not), and that afterwards the man was able to drink a cup of rice-gruel, and another of coffee; that the spasms then returned, and he expired.

An Austrian subject is stated to have discovered a cure for this terrible disease, and the Austrian government have patronised him, and have caused experiments to be made. The following has appeared in the newspapers, being part of a communication from the Austrian Embassy:—

"A schoolmaster, named Lalie, residing on that boundary of Hungary towards Turkey, where the military colonies are located, having the established reputation of possessing a cure for hydrophobia, the Minister of War, to whose department the government of this territory belongs, instituted an inquiry. Two hydrophobic patients were placed under the care of the military medical officers until they despaired of them; they were then entrusted to the care of the schoolmaster, and were cured.

"A liberal gratification being given to this person, he is to receive adequate rewards if, after two years' exercise of his remedy under medical surveillance, his discovery is proved to be of sterling value.

"The root of which M. Lalie has recognised the efficacy is the *Gentiana cruciata*. It is an abundant natural product.

"TREATMENT IN THE EARLIEST STAGE OF THE DISEASE.—When the first symptoms arise the mouth must be examined, and beneath the tongue the *venæ raninæ*, or sublingual veins, will be found turgescient. This turgescence is at first confined to the neighbourhood of the *frænum*, and it appears under the form of black spots, resembling the heads of flies; but later, the disease having developed itself, the swelling affects the whole veins. At this period the following is the treatment to be adopted:—The tongue to be grasped with a wooden fork and inverted, and the sublingual veins to be opened with a lancet. The tongue being then liberated, the bleeding must be allowed to continue until it ceases of itself. Then is to be given the first dose of the remedy:—

"Three quarters of an ounce ($1\frac{1}{2}$ *loth*) of the *Gentiana cruciata* are to be given as a *maximum* dose; the root being first pounded, and then macerated in water so as to form a thin paste; this must be repeated every morning for nine days. At the same time the wound is to be treated in the following way:—When fresh, it is to be washed with spirit of rosemary, and then a poultice is to be applied, composed of two portions of rye-flour and one of

juniper berries, mixed with the strongest spirit of wine to form into a paste. If the wound is closed it must be opened and scarified.

"TREATMENT IN ADVANCED STAGES OF THE DISEASE.—When the disease has already reached its most violent paroxysms, the patient being properly secured, one ounce of the root is to be administered, and to do this, a strait jacket being put on the patient, two strong men must be employed to overcome his resistance: his mouth must be opened with two wooden wedges, the nasal air passage being hermetically closed until he has swallowed.

"If after three hours the patient's paroxysms continue to recur, an entire root must be introduced into the mouth, and there secured until bitten away and dissolved. The sublingual veins are to be opened at the first lucid interval, and after the bleeding a little broth may be administered. After this, the patients in general take water without opposition, and fall into a gentle slumber for eight or ten hours, and are cured. During sleep mucus is secreted in the mouth of the consistency of the white of an egg, of a slightly yellow colour; it is very adhesive, and is only ejected with difficulty. * * *

It is important the patients should be made to throw up this phlegm. This secretion characterises the first three days of the malady, and great care must be taken to remove it, principally before the remedy is administered. * * *

"When the bleeding has not been sufficient, it may be resorted to again after five days, in violent attacks, and the decoction given when slight relapse has shown itself after nine days; and an aperient after three days' interval is to be resorted to."

The above is a greatly abridged transcript of a very circumstantial document. The most powerful remedies have not been discovered by savans, and the most valuable of our specifics is due to an Indian, who, in a paroxysm of ague, chanced to slake his thirst in a stagnant pool, in which lay the branches of the cinchona tree, another bitter, though differing so much from the gentians.

MICHAEL ANGELO ON THE DEATHS OF HIS FATHER AND BROTHER,

WHICH OCCURRED WITHIN A SHORT INTERVAL.*

So much, alas! have I already wept
And mourn'd, I thought that all my grief
Had sigh'd itself away, or pass'd in tears.
But Death still nourishes the root and veins
With bitter waters from the fount of woe,
Renewing the soul's heaviness and pain.
Then let another grief, another pen,
Another tongue, distinguish in one point
A two-fold bitterest regret for you.
Thy love, my brother, and the thought of thee
Our common parent, weigh upon my heart:
Nor do I know my greater misery.
Whilst busy memory pictures forth the one,
Another love, betray'd in my pale looks,
Graves living the other on my soul.
'Tis true that, since to the serene abode
Ye are return'd (as Love doth whisper me),
I ought to still the grief that fills my breast.
Unjust is grief, that wellets in the heart,
For those who bear their harvest of good deeds
To Heaven, released from all Earth's crooked ways.
Yet cruel were the man that should not weep,
When he may never here behold again
Him who first gave him being, nourishment.
Our sufferings are more or less severe
In just proportion to our sense of pain;
And thou, O Lord! dost know how weak I am.
But if the soul to reason yield consent,
So cruel the restraint that checks my tears,
That the attempt but makes me suffer more.

* From "Michael Angelo considered as a Philosophic Poet; with Translations. By John Edward Taylor."—Saunders and Otley. 1840.

And if the thought in which I steep my soul
Did not assure me that thou now canst smile
Upon the death thou'st feared in this world,
I had no comfort: but the painful stroke
Is temper'd by a firm abiding faith,
That he who lives aright finds rest in Heaven.
The infirmities of flesh so weigh upon
Our intellect, that death more sorrow brings,
The more with false persuasion sense prevails.
For ninety years hath the revolving sun
In the far ocean daily bathed his fires,
Ere thou wert gather'd to the peace of Heaven.
Now Heaven has ta'en thee from our misery,
Have pity still for me, though living dead,
Since God hath will'd me to be born through thee.
Thou art released from death, and made divine,
Fearing no longer change of life or will;
Scarce can I write it without envying.
Fortune and time attempt not to invade
Your habitation; they conduct the steps
'Midst doubtful happiness and certain grief.
No cloud is there to intercept your light,
The measured hours pass o'er you unobserved,
Chance and necessity no longer rule.
Your splendour shineth unobserved by night,
Nor borroweth lustre from the eye of day,
When the high sun invigorates his fire.
Thy death reminds and teaches me to die,
O happy father! I in thought beheld thee
Where the world rarely leads the wayfarer.
Death is not, as some think, the worst of ill
To him whose closing day excels the first,
Through grace eternal, from the mercy-seat.
There, thanks to God! I do believe thee gone,
And hope to see thee, if my reason can
Draw this cold heart from thy terrestrial clay.
And if pure love doth find increase in Heaven
'Twixt son and father, with increase of virtue,
Rendering all glory to my Maker, there
I shall, with my salvation, share thine too.

MUSIC IN WORDS.

To give a lively and faithful description of a scene or an event, is a proverbial difficulty. To raise in others by mere words the emotions excited in ourselves by the reality, is a rare talent. The following appears a singularly successful attempt to describe what seems almost to baffle description—a piece of music throughout all its various movements, and is at once an evidence of the fine perception of the writer and the singular merit of the composer.

"At the Philharmonic concert, June 3d, 1837, I heard Beethoven's symphony, 'The Eroica,' and, in the estimation of that learned body, it was never played with more success. The night was mild, after the seven months' dreary weather, and the instruments were no longer restricted by the cold, but vibrated pleasantly; so much does the state of the atmosphere affect and operate upon musical sounds. This symphony is even a more powerful display of the author's imagination than that of the 'Pastorale.' He wrote it in honour of Bonaparte, and intended to call it 'Sinfonia de Napoleon;' but the consul assuming the imperial robe, Beethoven said he was no better than the rest of the tyrants that had preceded him, and changed the title to that of the 'Death of a Hero.' The performance occupied nearly an hour, during which a dead silence was preserved by the audience, excepting the applause that took place at the end of each movement.

"The compositions of this great master are invariably played first, to ensure the unexpended energies of the performers; and on this evening it was allowed that more mind and attention were thrown upon the piece than at any previous trial. It opens with two massive shocks, like the firing of cannon; after which springs up, apparently at a great distance, a solemn bewailing melody

from the violoncellos, re-echoed by the grave and pensive horn. This strain is taken up in turn by all the instruments, gradually increasing and swelling in sound to an overwhelming degree. The ingenious author keeps the melody constantly in view, playing upon *platforms* of harmony, while these steady masses of sound are made to slide through the different keys. At the 65th bar a collision takes place, reiterated several times, and between every shock the dragon-like wings of the violins dart among the instruments with frightful asperity. The whole scene is wild confusion, in which some of the instruments grow mad with rage. For a moment something like repose takes place, when a running fight is represented by the violins and basses in *staccato*, driving after each other with increased rapidity. Successive crashes of sound depict the battle in close combat; the oboes and bassoons deplore the fate of the wounded, and out of the crowd rise tones of despair and death. Here the orchestra seems exhausted, and discomfited voices try to resume the original melody, but always without success. Wild floods of harmony still undulate in massive waves, upon which the double basses carry the opening subject triumphant to the end. After this most extraordinary movement, the funeral march is heard at a distance—a strain of solemn beauty and simplicity. This is *sung* by the voices of the wind-instruments, while the violins and basses, by soft touches at regular intervals, imitate the muffled drums. The weeping oboe, and the solos from the bassoon, fill the whole strain with gloom and sorrow. This is followed by a soldier, savage-like song that runs into the last movement, expressing tumultuous joy. The blaze of harmony is intense, but agreeably relieved by the flutter of the violins, casting a veil over the loud instruments, and mitigating the sound. Near the end is a delicious strain from the wind instruments—a prayer to the Supreme Being, whom this author, in his inspired moments, always conceived to be at his elbow. A few sublime crashes of sound terminate this wonderful piece.—*Music and Friends.*

BATTLE WITH A WHALE.

EARLY in the morning of the 28th, we had sperm whales again in sight, and several large schools were noticed during the day. They were, however, equally wary with those we had before seen, and it was not until late in the afternoon that they could be favourably approached, when each boat harpooned a whale. Three of the boats secured their prizes speedily and without accident; but the fourth had encountered a mischievous or "fighting" whale of the most dangerous character. This cachalot, which was a young male, had been pierced with two well-planted harpoons; but instead of flying from his enemies, he rather sought to attack them whenever they approached him for the purpose of lancing. His first effort was to rush against the boat with his head. Baffled in this by the crew steering clear of the contact, he next attempted to crush it with his jaws; when, failing through the unaccommodating position of his mouth, he remedied this defect with much sagacity in his last and more successful assault: approaching impetuously from a distance of about forty yards, he turned upon his back, raising his lower jaw, to grasp the boat from above; a lance-wound, however, caused him to close his mouth and resume a natural posture before he had obtained his object; but continuing to advance, he struck the boat with a force that nearly overturned it, and concluded by again turning on his back, and thrusting his lower jaw through the planks. The boat filled with water almost immediately, sunk with its gunwale to the level of the sea, and was rendered capable of retaining its crew only by the expedient of lashing the oars across its sides. The harpoon-line was cut, and the whale made off without doing further mischief. The wrecked boat, scarce perceptible above the waves, crowded with a half-immersed crew, and with two whiffs flying as a signal of distress, presented a truly forlorn appearance. The ship and disengaged boats bore down to its assistance, and after rescuing the crew and stores, took it on board to repair.—*Bennet's Voyage.*

Lines on Seeing a Flower Blowing in a Prison Window.

PALE prisoner, who against the doors
Your wither'd features press,
What is there in that little flower
To soothe your mind's distress?

Is it that in its tender leaf
A tenderer thought you find?
A remnant of an old belief,
A link with human kind?

A shadow of the early days
When childhood's gems were flowers?
A little gleam of Nature's face,
Cheering your prison hours?

Perhaps therein your lone eyes trace
A word of peace from Heaven—
A sweet permission still to love,
Not to the harden'd given.

Oh, be it so! Whoe'er you are,
Whate'er your sins may be,
Hope still; for in that little flower
The hand of God you see.

And you in loving it may find
Another love arise,
That, born within this fragile plant,
May reach, at length, the skies.

Mrs. BODDINGTON.

COINAGE OF NEW WORDS.

Neology, or the novelty of words and phrases, is an innovation, which, with the opulence of our present language, the English philologist is most jealous to allow. But we have also puritans or precisians of English superstitiously nice. The fantastic coinage of affectation or caprice will cease to circulate, from its own alloy: but shall we reject the ore of fine workmanship and solid weight? There is no government mint of words, and it is no statutable offence to invent a felicitous or daring expression. A new word, the result of much consideration with its author, or a term which, though unknown to the language, conveys a collective assemblage of ideas by a fortunate designation, is a precious contribution of genius; new words should convey new ideas.—*Disraeli.*

A REFLECTION ON THE LADIES.

Nothing is more provoking to a woman than a lover's infidelity; it is a wrong that leaves her without the satisfaction of revenge. This very infidelity shows that she has lost her power, and without power where is revenge?

A DEFINITION OF GRAVITY.

Gravity, a mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind.—*Rochefoucauld.*

ANECDOTE OF COUNSELLOR MISSING.

The above-named learned gentleman being retained to defend a person who had been committed for trial at the Portsmouth petty sessions, for stealing a donkey from off a common in the neighbourhood, met with the following smart retort from the prosecutor in the case, whom he was cross-examining. Mr. Missing—"You maintain that the donkey was your property?" Prosecutor—"I do." "And you say that the 'ass was stolen' from off the common in question on a certain day, as has been stated?" Prosecutor—"No, I never stated any such thing; but I will say that the *ass was Missing.*" The court was convulsed with laughter.

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